FRENCH LITERATURE AND THE WAR, By Justin O'Brien

The Saturday Review of Literature

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By Jesse Stuart
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels

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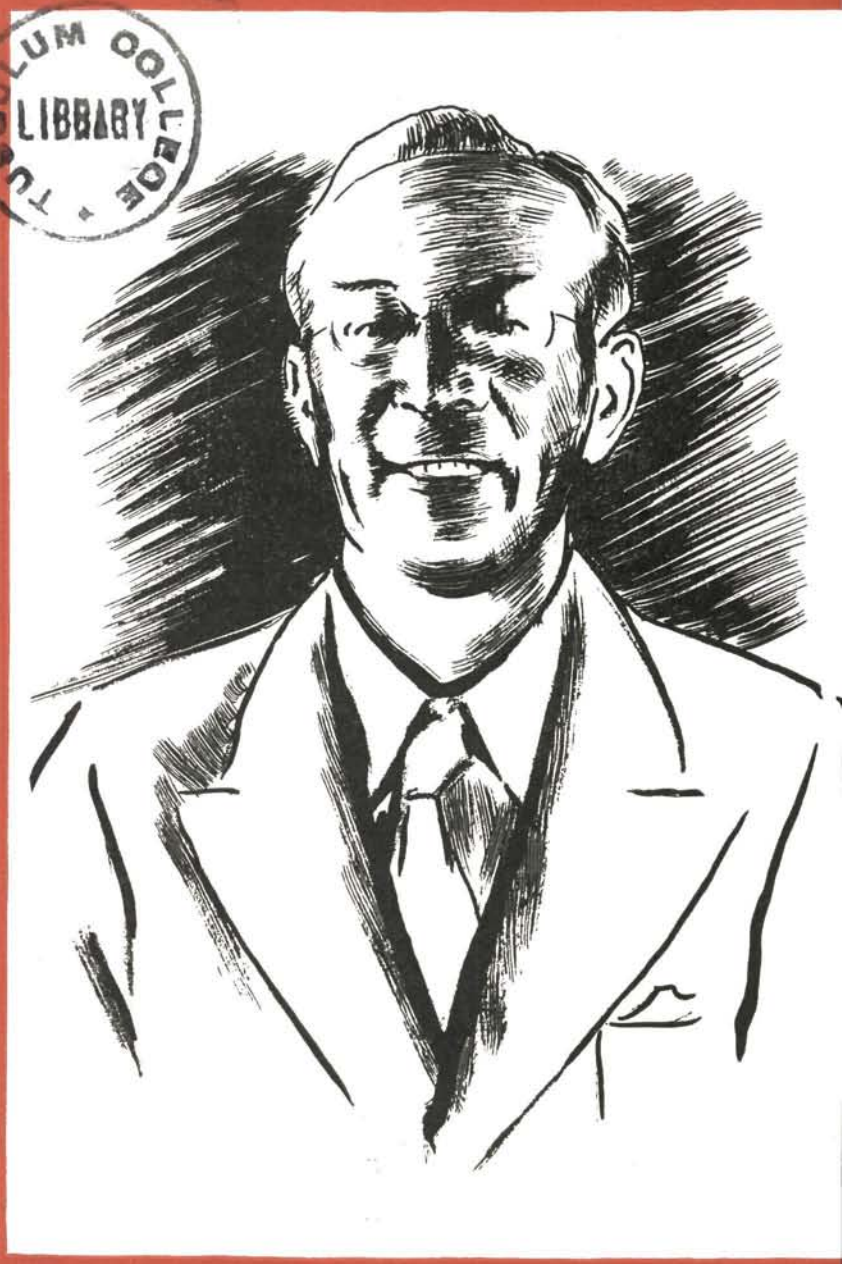

UPTON SINCLAIR is at his energetic best in "World's End" . . . *(See page 5)*

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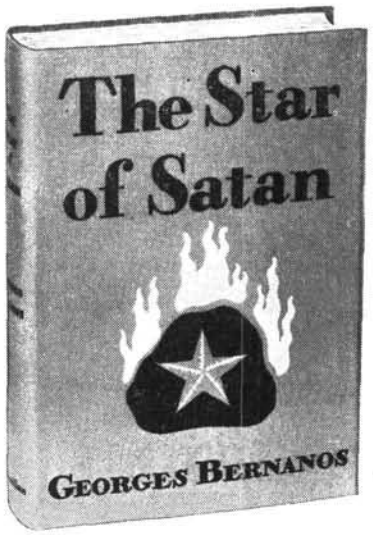

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The Saturday Review of Literature

French Literature and the War

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

DESPITE official assurances to the contrary, the war threatened last fall to leave no place in French life for literature. The young writers were called to the Maginot Line (the poet Patrice de La Tour du Pin was wounded and imprisoned in one of the first skirmishes) and the older writers, having seen active service twenty-five years ago, offered their pens to their country. All fall and winter the Commissariat of Information, organized in August with Jean Giraudoux as its director and lately transformed into a ministry, buzzed with the activity of Academicians, retired ambassadors, and literary prizewinners. Placed in charge of all radio broadcasting, Georges Duhamel—who has seized every occasion in the past to express his mistrust of the radio—called in all the high dignitaries of the Republic of Letters and arranged several series of inspirational talks on such subjects as the literary heroes of the last war, the ideas and ideals of France, and France and England.

Several months ago, however, Duhamel gave up those functions as too uncongenial. The French have used the radio well since last September, but no broadcasts have been better or more pertinent than those of Giraudoux himself who has regularly explained to the French their duties and their privileges. With the greatest directness and frankness the subtle ironist of so many sparkling novels and comedies has dealt with the question of censorship, the conduct of the war in Poland, German propaganda, the recall of German nationals from the Baltic states, and many other subjects. One of the best of his speeches, all of which would bear publication in book form, was delivered to the school children on October 7. After pointing out that their schools had opened in spite of the mobilization of 38,000 teachers, he vividly described the fifteen million German children studying falsified maps and expurgated history books in schools from which any mention of many of the greatest Germans is banished. Giraudoux ended his broadcast thus: "Young guardians of true history, of true geography, of a moral system which has no place for hatred, whose classroom realia includes neither daggers nor powder, it is to you that France, bitterly engaged in fighting a war, delegates this autumn the mission of preserving two of its most precious possessions: gaiety and study."

French propaganda of a literary type got under way very early in the war. At least two Academicians early produced brochures of a timely nature. With his usual clarity André Maurois summed up in October "Les Origines de la Guerre de 1939" (Gallimard) as a preliminary indictment of Hitler while waiting for the French Foreign Office's "Livre Jaune." In "Pourquoi Te Bats-Tu?" (Flammarion), Louis Gillet, as a veteran of 1914, addresses the soldier of 1939 and clarifies the painful necessity for France's entry into war. September and October saw the birth of two magazines, *Notre Combat* and *Les Annales de la Guerre*, both aiming to give a faithful account of the war with all the diplomatic, military, and economic documents and statistics that present readers and future historians will need to get "an impartial view of events." At least half of each publication, however, is made up of radio broadcasts and articles signed by famous names. Meanwhile, following the tradition of the other war, several newspapers and gazettes have already reached Paris from the front. *Franchise Militaire, Le Vitaliste, L'Isard de Metz,* etc., reflect the inactivity of the Maginot line, which a group of prominent writers in the capital have attempted to make more endurable by organizing a service for obtaining books and magazines for the soldiers. By November the intellectual exchange between the front and rear was very active. Some of the braver lending-libraries were risking packages of books at the front, whence they returned looking as if they had been read by the whole regiment. The most popular reading among the soldiers is the French classics, with Montaigne well in the lead. One young lieutenant writes back that of the twenty officers in his group nine have brought along books and six of those have Montaigne. The ideal seems to be the one-volume, India-paper edi-

Drawing by Florent Margaritis

Roger Martin du Gard's "Epilogue" brings his Thibault cycle to a moving and symbolic end.

Drawing by Zadig

Georges Duhamel's "Dr. Pasquier" starts for the front of 1914 in the latest volume of the "Chronicles."

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tions in the series known as the Pléiade which includes Shakespeare, Balzac, Corneille, Racine, Montaigne, etc.

Visible signs of a desire that literature should "carry on" normally are not lacking. Two such signs were the election to the French Academy early in January of the distinguished scholar Paul Hazard, beloved of so many Americans who have studied under him in Paris or at Harvard or Columbia, and the regular awards in December of the annual literary prizes to the best novels of the year. The coveted Goncourt and Femina prizes, each amounting to five thousand francs and to infinitely more in publicity, have given birth in recent years to two other prizes, the Renaudot and the Interallié, which are awarded by the journalists assigned to cover, respectively, the Goncourt and the Femina awards and which carry nothing but a great publicity value. This year all the prizes went to relatively young and deserving novelists; but a sharp cleavage is noticeable between the novels crowned by the Goncourt jury and its Renaudot shadow, which both present full-length portraits of social classes, and the novels preferred by the ladies of the Femina jury and the journalists of the Interallié, which are both works of action and intrigue.

The Goncourt winner, "Les Enfants Gâtés," by Philippe Hériat (Gallimard), soberly recounts Agnès Boussardel's return to the bosom of her wealthy family after two years of student life, anonymity, and love in California. To French readers the novel owes its charm in great part to its picturesque (and to us rather false) descriptions of life in America; to American readers the cruel picture of a French banking clan seen through the eyes of its only rebel offshoot has far more value. Nothing but money counts in the life of the Boussardels who are ready to sacrifice a daughter, a nephew, and their honor to satisfy their rapacious cupidity. The portrait is almost a caricature, but the great weakness of the novel lies in its construction, as is so often the case with novels in the first person.

The class depicted in "Les Javanais," by Jean Malaquais (Denoël), stands socially at the opposite pole. "Javanese" is the nickname for the migratory mine-workers from all parts of the world—outlaws, political exiles, criminals—who live in an amorphous group dominated by acts of violence. As an objective study in social pathology, this novel is brutal and often very moving, but the reader does not feel for these characters that deep sympathy that some of Steinbeck's specimens of humanity call forth. Though the social document here inevitably recalls Steinbeck, it is even more likely that the scenes of sexual violence owe something to the French translations of Faulkner.

Paul Vialar's "La Rose de la Mer" (Denoël), the Femina prizewinner, and "Les Figurants de la Mort" by Roger de Lafforest (Grasset), which was awarded the Prix Interallié, belong to the classification of novels of adventure. Both are exciting tales and the latter, with its Pirandellian handling of action which is at once real and fictitious, offers something like a satire of the best tradition of this kind of novel.

BUT the outstanding recent literary events in Paris have certainly been the appearance of new instalments of the three long cyclic novels being written by Georges Duhamel, Jules Romains, and Roger Martin du Gard. When such heavy bombers as these appear in the sky, the public immediately forgets the antics of the light scouting planes.

The eighth volume of Duhamel's "Pasquier Chronicles," entitled "Le Combat contre les Ombres" (Mercure), brings the action down to August 2, 1914. On the eve of the last World War the Pasquier family is distinguishing itself in several ways: Laurent as a brilliant young biologist, Joseph as a financier, and Cécile as a musician. All seem unaware of the approaching catastrophe. Laurent's struggle against the stupidity, cowardice, and ill-will of his fellowmen starts with his discharging an incompetent but politically influential assistant and ends with his own resignation and an intolerant press campaign against him. In a series of brief scenes, Georges Duhamel, himself a doctor, editor, and Academician, builds up a pitiless picture of the medical and journalistic worlds he knows so well.

After the brilliant success of "Verdun" the seventeenth and eighteenth volumes of "Men of Good Will" (Flammarion) could not fail to disappoint Jules Romains's readers. At the beginning of "Vorge contre Quinette" the war is over and, to give salt to the petty details of life in peace time, Romains has brought Quinette, the multiple murderer, back to the center of the stage and composed a thriller. To all those who have for some time recognized the real Landru in the fictitious Quinette, the introduction of Landru into the story will be a shock. Down to the last details, Quinette sees himself in Landru and almost goes mad reflecting (as a mirror does) on this alter ego. His other alter ego—for this section has some

(*Continued on page* 18)

THIS WEEK

Articles

PAGE

FRENCH LITERATURE AND THE WAR
By Justin O'Brien ... 3

THE MIND OF A LIBERAL
By Waldo Frank ... 12

ROAD ATLASES IN REVIEW
By Susan Crane ... 16

Reviews

WORLD'S END
By Upton Sinclair
Reviewed by Harry Thornton Moore ... 5

QUIETLY MY CAPTAIN WAITS
By Evelyn Eaton
Reviewed by Stephen Vincent Benét ... 6

TREES OF HEAVEN
By Jesse Stuart
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels ... 6

CANADA: AMERICA'S PROBLEM
By John MacCormac
Reviewed by James F. Green ... 7

FREEDOM'S BATTLE
By Julio Alvarez del Vayo
Reviewed by Jay Allen ... 7

FULL MERIDIAN
By Naomi Jacob
Reviewed by Gladys Graham ... 10

WARTIME LETTERS OF RAINER
By Maria Rilke
Reviewed by Marianne Hauser ... 10

THE FIRST TO AWAKEN
By Granville Hicks
Reviewed by Fletcher Pratt ... 11

DOWN TO EARTH
By Alan Devoe
Reviewed by Donald Culross Peattie ... 11

A STAR FELL
By H.H. the Ranee of Sarawak
Reviewed by Talbot Mundy ... 15

MY HEY DAY
By Princess Tulip Murphy
Reviewed by Ruth & Helen Hoffman ... 17

Departments

YOUR LITERARY I.Q. ... 5
EDITORIAL ... 8
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ... 9
THE NEW BOOKS ... 20
THE CRIMINAL RECORD ... 20
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 325 ... 21
TRADE WINDS ... 24

NEXT WEEK

THE STAR OF SATAN
By Georges Bernanos
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

ASK ME TOMORROW
By James Gould Cozzens
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels

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Perigee to Apogee

WORLD'S END. By Upton Sinclair. New York: The Viking Press. 1940. 740 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HARRY THORNTON MOORE

UPTON SINCLAIR'S American reputation as a novelist has been at low ebb for some time, but his new book should bring him back to attention in a tidal rush. "World's End" is in scope and setting partly reminiscent of two somewhat dissimilar novels that were being widely read a few years ago, "Europa" and "The Last Puritan." Once again here is an enormous background for the story of what must be called the education of a modern young man. The last third of it strikes off in a new direction to deal with the 1918-19 Peace Conference, a subject novelists have for the most part let alone.

Lanny Budd, the central character in "World's End," is thirteen when we first meet him, and only nineteen when we take final leave of him. His youthfulness as the protagonist of a book like this is offset in great measure by his old-child wisdom: brought up among adults, he has spent his early life on the Riviera with his mother, who tells him when he is fourteen that she is not a divorcée after all, and that he is illegitimate—but Lanny is already sophisticated beyond the point of being shocked. Yet in another way he is receptively young, fresh-visioned, so he is an effective centre for the story. The two young friends he does have at the first, an English and a German boy, both slightly older than himself, fight for their countries in the war. Lanny remains neutral, for he has been given an insight into the Machiavellian origin of the war by his father, an armament maker who visits the boy frequently and even employs him at times.

Lanny keeps in touch with his warring friends: early in the book they are believably seen in their native settings, and though only occasionally glimpsed later they remain living characters. Lanny's pre-war visit to a "Christmas-card castle" in Silesia and to an English country estate are excellent travelogues that are improved rather than spoiled by the intermittent play of the sociological searchlight. Lanny's wanderings take him as far as Greece and over to New England, where he stays with his father's family during the time America is in the war. The picture is consistently a full one: if there are revealing close-ups of Zaharoff, we also meet some of the downtrodden; if we briefly see some elder statesmen, we meet Isadora Duncan and hear Lincoln Steffens's table-talk. The Peace Conference itself is an interesting subject, and Lanny has an inside view of it, even a certain amount of influence. No one could reasonably disagree with the author's attitude toward the Conference and the Treaty, which in the main agrees with the general as well as the historians' verdict. Though if this book is intended to be ammunition for pro-isolationist argument in America now, there will probably be many readers at this moment of history who will quarrel with that.

When Upton Sinclair is content to be just a story-teller he can be a compelling one, though the novelist's requisites of style, psychology, and sense of form have never been so completely developed in him as they might have been if his urge to be a pamphleteering romancer had not interfered. The limitations of mere story-gift plus idea become apparent towards the close of this book, when some of Sinclair's old faults trip him up and the story ends with insufficient force. Lanny's experience with the police touches the edge of danger, but the reader cannot help feeling that there will be a deus-ex-machina for the Budd heir: the situation lacks the power to be the climax the mind expects from so huge a book. And the savage argument in the closing pages is unfortunately carried on by the two characters in the novel who tend to seem unreal, Lanny's father and uncle. Ironically, both men see the same factors as the cause of the war, but the munitions maker and the socialist draw widely different conclusions. As characters they sometimes too obviously symbolize philosophies that are battling for possession of modern youth. But most of the book represents Upton Sinclair at his energetic best—the episodes of romance and adventure, together with the whole sweeping world-picture, provide our own difficult days with absorbing and thought-provoking reading.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

TEN FAMOUS HORSES

Man's best friend, the horse, has figured in a great many stories in the world's literature, though generally anonymously. However, the ten that are briefly described below do have names. Can you remember them? Allow 5 points for each one you can name, and another 5 if you can also recall the work in which the horse appears and the name of the author. A score of 70 is par, 80 is good, 90 or better is excellent. Answers on page 17.

1. She lost her tail in a race to save her drunken master from the witches who were chasing him.
2. Although this huge black horse traveled at a tremendous speed, it took him more than half a century to bring his master home to Boston.
3. Nobody could ride this swift little strawberry colored mare but Tom Faggis, the highwayman who owned her.
4. Broken down by cruel treatment and overwork as a cab horse, this gentle thoroughbred was finally restored to his proper station.
5. Lean and bony and full of blemishes, but still regarded as a steed supreme by the gallant knight who owned him.
6. The favorite for the Wessex Cup, this horse was convicted of justifiable homicide by a famous sleuth.
7. This black mare hung up a record in racing from London Town to York to save her outlaw master.
8. Gaunt and vicious and full of the devil himself, but he fled from the Galloping Hessian.
9. This fat white horse pulled a traveling book store.
10. For galloping all night to save a neighboring city, this horse was rewarded with a drink of wine.

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From the end papers of "Quietly My Captain Waits."

Supporting Cast in Acadia

QUIETLY MY CAPTAIN WAITS. By Evelyn Eaton. New York: Harper Bros. 1940. 365 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

THERE were other heroines besides Evangeline in the troubled, early history of Acadia and, in "Quietly My Captain Waits," Miss Eaton delves into the life of a lady too gay and sprightly for hexameters. Madame Louise de Freneuse gave the gossips of Port Royal continual occupation for their tongues. Twice married, the recipient of a royal pension as "the only widow in Acadia," she had a way with governors and notables. In reconstructing her story, Miss Eaton gives us romantic fiction based on a certain amount of fact. It is a continuous and fascinating problem to the reader of history to see how living and vital human beings appear, for a brief instant, in documents and then, for lack of further documentation, vanish. The gaps in their lives, the before and after baffle us. In the case of one woman, Miss Eaton has attempted to fill in some of those gaps. She has done so, partly with genuine insight into character and background, and partly with conventional romantic filler.

When Raoul de Perrichet (imaginary) left France for New France on account of an escapade, he sailed with his uncle, Monsieur de Bonaventure (real) on the latter's *Soleil d'Afrique.* They picked up Madame de Freneuse at Kebec and Monsieur de Bonaventure rapidly discovered that she was his long-lost love. The story of the book from then on is the story of the web between these three people—of Raoul's lovesick and unavailing years spent at Freneuse in the woods—of the Indian assault upon Freneuse (very well done), and of the escape of Raoul and Madame de Freneuse to Port Royal—of the love-affair between Monsieur de Bonaventure and Madame de Freneuse and its implications—and of the unavailing attempt of Acadia to save itself against the growing power of the English. The daily life and the petty jealousies of a frontier outpost are well-handled—every now and then a scene rings true and one gets the feeling of time and place. Every now and then but not always—the death of Monsieur de Freneuse in the arms of the miller's daughter is something a more skilful author would either have motivated or avoided—Raoul's period as an Indian chief is extremely readable but one doesn't believe a minute of it—and the last scene, to be successful, demands and lacks the magnificent charlatanry of a Victor Hugo. It's good work, readable work, on a little known period. It contains one live woman, some excellent subsidiary characters, a conventional young juvenile, a passable hero, a good deal of feeling for background and country, a number of shots of conventional melodrama, and some telling individual scenes. The lending libraries will like it, the movies already have. But, compared to a book like "Guns of Burgoyne," it remains Class B romance.

Return to China

Lin Yutang and his wife and daughters have arrived at their home in the interior of China, near Chungking, according to a radio message received by his publishers in New York. They flew from Hong Kong in one of the passenger planes which regularly fly over the Japanese lines, leaving in the middle of the night at a time kept strictly secret. They arrived in Chungking just before the Japanese began their latest and worst series of bombings of that city, which continued for four nights.

Poetry of the Earth

TREES OF HEAVEN. By Jesse Stuart. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1940. 340 *pp.* $2.50.

THE towering forests on the old Sexton tract about Jesse Stuart's graveyard grove of ailanthus trees was no more thoroughly timbered than has been the harvesting in fiction of the drama of mountaineers who moved in quaintness and violence in terms of something which seemed—or was made to seem—like the lost American pioneer past. As a people they certainly are no longer "newground" but more often as worn and barren as piney old fields. It is the measure of the great talent of Josse Stuart that from such stale earth his Bushmans and Tussies, the hard thrifty and the lusty improvident, rise as lush and strong as the sorghum cane on Anse Bushman's land.

Like the earlier work Jesse Stuart has brought from his native Greenup County in Kentucky, this is a grand book, alive, humorous, tough, in which the pretty poetry of the earth and the seasons and man bound to one and moving with the other is strengthened with blood and sweat and tobacco spittle, anger and shrewdness and knavery. Occasionally formal poetry sticks its head up a little high in his prose like a chrysanthemum in a cornfield. But such lapses are rare. If the young compelling love of Anse Bushman's boy Tarvin for Subrinea Tussie, daughter of squatters, is sentimentalized in terms of lambs and wildflowers, it is toughened, too, with poverty and labor. The deep emotion of love for a piece of earth in squatter and landowner alike is made true and hard with the dispossessed's angry shouting of "son-of-a-bitch" at the sheriff's sale. The drama of law and conflict is sounder for the humor in the sheriff's personal timidity and political ambition.

Essentially and fortunately this is not local color literature—not more business about the "folk." People are "folk" only to strangers. They happen here to be the neighbors of Jesse Stuart who writes in terms of his known world. Such a man writing about his own country ends by writing about the world. And this story of life in a corner of the Kentucky mountains is no more bound to Kentucky than the poetry of Burns is limited to Scotland. But individual Stuart's writing certainly is. It is an exciting book from beginning to end with the promise of more violent drama which never materializes and yet does not disappoint. All together, including his short stories and his autobiography, this is the best prose work that Stuart has done. Not much better work is being done by anybody anywhere in America.

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Variegated Neighbor

CANADA: AMERICA'S PROBLEM. By John MacCormac. New York: The Viking Press. 1940. 278 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

THE most unpopular person in Canada, next to Adolf Hitler, is Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh. By questioning Canada's right to declare war, which endangers the neutrality of the United States, Colonel Lindbergh raised—albeit somewhat tactlessly—one of the most vital issues in American foreign policy. The United States quite obviously cannot pretend to be isolated or even neutral so long as Canada remains a belligerent, and one of the most important belligerents, in the European war. The Dominion is manufacturing airplanes, training pilots, and dispatching expeditionary forces behind the shield of the Monroe Doctrine and the American navy. What happens to Canada if Germany wins a decisive victory over Britain and France this summer? Should we expand our defense preparations for a future conflict and coördinate the Canadian economic and military effort with our own? Or should we recognize the Nazi peace settlement and pull Canada—even against its wishes—into a Western Hemisphere system?

All these questions, and many others, are intelligently discussed by John MacCormac, who for five years was the Montreal correspondent of *The New York Times.* His book fills a long-neglected gap in our political literature, for American journalists have concentrated too exclusively on Europe and the Far East. Even the Canadians themselves, until recent years, have been reluctant to attempt comprehensive studies of their national life. With an occasional telling epigram and bit of humor, Mr. MacCormac writes wisely and well of our variegated neighbor to the north. He touches upon almost every aspect of Canada's domestic affairs, party politics, and foreign relations, and offers the American reader a remarkably accurate and objective picture of the senior Dominion in the British Commonwealth. Since Canada may become even more of a problem for America, because of the fortunes of war, his book deserves a large public in this country.

The only discernible flaws in an otherwise excellent volume occur in emphasis and balance. Mr. MacCormac devotes a chapter to the French Canadians, but fails to make sufficient allowance for the impact of Quebec upon every issue in Canadian life. He discusses the Prairie Provinces and their wheat economy, but likewise never fits the Western problem into the national life. British Columbia, too, deserves a little more attention that it here receives. Writing with the pro-British and pro-Empire outlook of the English-speaking inhabitants of Ontario and Montreal, Mr. MacCormac perhaps underestimates the effect of both Quebec and the West in Canadian foreign policy. He introduces these subjects indirectly, however, in his entertaining and informative description of Prime Minister Mackenzie King, a statesman who maintains national unity by avoiding issues and postponing decisions.

James Frederick Green is a member of the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

Photo: Benson Weeks

John MacCormac

Karl Schurz Prize

The German-American Writers' Association, an anti-Nazi organization of writers, artists, scholars, and musicians, announce a $100 Karl Schurz Prize for the best contribution appearing in a Year Book to be issued this Fall in celebration of the second anniversary of the G.A.W.A. Judges will be Carl Zuckmeyer, Ferdinand Bruckner, and Bruno Frank. Short stories, essays, and poetry are eligible for consideration; manuscripts are to be submitted under pseudonyms. Further details may be obtained from the German-American Writers' Association, 15 East Fortieth Street, New York, New York.

White Book of Spain

FREEDOM'S BATTLE. By Julio Alvarez del Vayo. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1940. 381 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by JAY ALLEN

SPAIN'S great Foreign Minister has done a job that is cool, detached, and candid yet of awful timeliness.

It is indeed, as the publishers say, "the first book on the Spanish war by a major figure of that remarkable Republican Government whose three-year-long resistance against mounting odds astonished friend and foe alike." It is more. It is the White Book of the Spanish Republic in Exile and of those doomed millions in the Western world who knew *at the time* that the betrayal of Spain was their betrayal, who fought that betrayal as best they could but now, with the enemy upon them, are dumb. And it is the Black Book of the Fascists and of their sympathizers in Britain, France, and the United States who regardless of whether in those years they were bought or merely bemused, gave the help without which the Spanish bastion could never have been taken.

The shocking timeliness of this book is, in a measure, the result of accident. The manuscript was all but finished weeks before that day last September when, as many people persist in say-

(*Continued on page* 14)

Photo: Robert Capa

Julio Alvarez del Vayo

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AMERICAN DISILLUSION

IN a recent address, Archibald MacLeish, head of the Library of Congress, voiced his belief that as a result of the pacifistic literature that followed the World War, the youth of today could not be aroused to martial ardor. They are apathetic, Mr. MacLeish added, to the slogans which persuaded civilians twenty-five years ago to buy Liberty Bonds, and young men to enlist whether the draft caught them or not. Among other books, he mentioned Dos Passos's "Three Soldiers," Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms," and Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front." These authors, he said, have written books which "have borne bitter and dangerous fruit," and which have been "disastrous as education for a generation which would be obliged to face the threat of fascism in its adult years."

It is true that faith in the first World War as "a war to end all wars," or a "fight to preserve the independence of small nations," proved to be unfounded, and that years ago men began to realize that for Europe and Asia the dream of peace was futile. The post-war years were a time of general disillusionment everywhere, and especially in America. The war left us and Europe the legacy of an economic depression; the League of Nations, after it had been torpedoed by America, dwindled under our very eyes; Japan invaded China, Italy took Ethiopia, and the incredible and (at first) half-comic figure of Hitler rose across the Rhine.

But disillusionment with firmly-founded beliefs and ideals extended to other fields than holy wars, and foreign politics. Many of our most vital writers were busily destroying American institutions, for better or worse, while creating a literature that was being read around the world. For it was Sinclair Lewis who pulled to pieces American small-town life, and made a shambles of our conception of its tranquillity, beauty, and virtue, then tackling such firmly planted edifices as the Middle-Western Protestant church, American marriage, and the American businessman. Faulkner, Caldwell, and a cohort of lesser demons turned their backs upon the literary magnolia blossoms, heroic feuds, and Civil War colonels of Southern literary tradition, revealing a nightmare of poverty, degeneracy, and racial conflict. The Golden West lost its bloom and finally Steinbeck showed us the last frontier invaded by a new kind of frontiersman, the Joads. Writers of the somewhat abortive "proletarian" literature of the depression years punched out at our economic system with one eye on its real faults and the other on Moscow. In these years, even our slang became colored by disbelief and cynicism: "Oh, yea!", "Show me!", "Nuts!" Popular magazines had to temper sweetness and light with realism, actual or supposed, and found, to their surprise, that they were eagerly read. Our humor turned in some measure to irony; the *New Yorker* and its imitators have taken the place of *Life* and *Judge*.

The American public, or at least our book-reading public, took on a far greater sophistication about world affairs than they did twenty years ago. They seemed to have lost the capacity to believe in eloquent phrases. And until recently most people could have agreed that we were the better for it. Today, when we are asking four hundred thousand young American to leave their houses, workshops, farms, their relief checks, W.P.A. jobs, or their even enforced idleness, to join the U. S. army, it may be more difficult to convince our patriots that disillusionment is a virtue.

The writers who, in destroying our illusions or beliefs, spread pacificism and a distrust of war, produced only a small part of the literature and the drama that awakened the American public to a cynical awareness of realities. A multitude of writers went on crusade against ills inherent in our social system, against codes of behavior, against the monotony and standardization of American life.

But in all these years America has never lost courage, or indeed its sense of humor. Through the early days of the depression when "Technocracy" and planned economies were the results of bewildered people trying to think clearly, there was something heartening in the spectacle of a multitude of writers trying to create a new world without wholly upsetting the old. The spirit penetrated into government and politics, and, for all the laughter that the prophets created, there emerged the New Deal, under whose auspices we may have to live for many a year whether we like it or not. Americans, young and old, are not given to despair. In all this confusion, this disillusionment, we have been a people looking for firm facts and beliefs founded on vital necessities. When the time comes we will take up our role in the world drama, on which the curtain has risen again, with eagerness and conviction.

The first World War was in Europe, and its successor, after a quarter of a century of armed and desperate peace, has again started there. If it should violently threaten our shores or reach them, there is no doubt of the reaction of as many million American boys as we can put into uniforms. Like the pacifist declarations of Oxford and Cambridge youth, then cynicism will vanish over night. Others must answer the question, "Will it be too late?"

H. S.

The Mothers

By Stuart Cloete

LET the barren women rejoice
and the childless.
Let the mothers of the halt, the lame
and the blind give praise
Let them thank God for their infirmities,
Or let them weep
that they have not straight sons,
strong as eagles
to fly on wings of steel.
Let everyone weep and hold his breath
the hour is at hand
The Young men gird their loins.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"British Speech Invaded"

SIR:—In his article "British Speech Invaded" in *SRL* for June 1, Mr. Mencken implies that the expression *cold feet,* as used in England, is an "Americanism"; but, like other expressions sometimes so characterized, this one seems to have originated in the Old World, although with a slightly different meaning. No less a person than Ben Jonson, in his "Volpone," Act II, makes his mountebank say: "I am not, as your Lombard proverb saith, cold on my feet; or content to part with my commodities at a cheaper rate than I accustomed." In other words, he is not so hard up as to be obliged to sell his wares at a sacrifice. Dictionaries of the Lombard and Piedmontese dialects in fact give the expression "to have cold feet" as meaning "to be without resources." In a novel by the Low German writer Fritz Reuter, published in 1862, a card-player in bad luck gives "cold feet" as an excuse for quitting the game; and from this the expression might come to mean in general "to recede from a difficult position," "to lose one's nerve." All of which I pointed out many years ago in *Modern Language Notes* (December, 1912), a periodical which Mr. Mencken probably does not read regularly!

KENNETH MCKENZIE.
Princeton, N. J.

SIR:—I congratulate you upon acquiring for the *SRL* the series of monthly articles on American speech by the eminent philologian and humorist, H. L. Mencken. Even when Mencken is wrong, he is right; because he is such a delight to read. In the first of his series, I regret to report, he makes two errors.

Primo: He says that when Sir Samuel Hoare used the Americanism *jitterbug* in the House of Commons recently, he used it inaccurately; "Sir Samuel applied *jitterbug* to the sort of Londoner who was unduly alarmed about air raids. A thousand authorities informed him instantly that it meant nothing of the sort."

I read that speech by Sir Samuel, and he used *jitterbug* perfectly in describing those who were unduly alarmed about air raids, no matter how many thousands of Britishers, who pride themselves on their knowledge and use of Americanisms tell him he is in error. It is just that Sir Samuel is up-to-date and that Mr. Mencken and the thousand Britishers are not. The word *jitterbug* no longer is exclusively used by Americans to describe the performer of a certain sort of crazy dance. It has passed into metaphor. It is currently used as a comically disparaging descriptive term for a person who is excitable and doesn't seem to know what he is doing half the time; one who makes appointments and forgets to keep them; an undependable, neurotic person, not necessarily mean or malign.

Secundo: "White-haired boy" is not an Americanism. It is an Irish idiom meaning "favored son." It has variants in Ireland in different counties, *i.e., white-headed boy, fair-haired boy,* and *white-haired boy.* It first became current in this country after the successful production in New York of the Irish dramatist's, Lennox Robinson's play, "The White-Headed Boy," in, I believe, 1921. (George Jean Nathan, Burns Mantle, or Bernard Sobel can set us right on this). The term *white-headed boy* was used for a time but gradually discarded for *white-haired boy.*

BURTON RASCOE.
New York City.

"It's a triple tie between Mr. Mieczyslaw, Mr. Grhzinshmann, and Mr. Hrdlinka."

"Ben Bolt" in 1845

SIR:—Referring to "The Last Word" in your letter column of May 18, 1940, may I submit the following information, just to keep the record straight.

"Ben Bolt," the original poem of Thomas Dunn English, which first appeared in the *New Mirror* of New York, September 1843, was set to music by James M. Stewart and entered for copyright by C. H. Keith, in 1845. This leaves no doubt that there was a song known as "Ben Bolt" in 1845. However, the tune that we know today, attributed to Nelson Kneass, was entered for copyright December 30, 1848.

EDITH A. WRIGHT.
Washington, D. C.

Department Fan

SIR:—Please don't let your correspondent talk you out of the columns on movies and phonograph records. Your magazine is more interesting right now than ever before, and I think it is partly because of such departments. I for one would like to see more of Mr. Winterich, and with the passing of *The Colophon* would appreciate Rare Book news and bibliographical articles of fairly general interest. My respects to Burton Rascoe for his article on the Vollbehr "sell" —tell him not to be amazed at the hurt expressions of librarians and dealers.

N. L. DODGE.
Boston, Mass.

Not Complete

SIR:—Reviewer W. R. Benét calls "The Collected Poems of A. E. Housman" complete. This is not accurate, since about two dozen poems—light verse, parodies, juvenilia, Latin verse —have been omitted, though they are in print elsewhere. Even if they are inferior, Professor Housman would not condone Mr. Benét's inaccuracy.

W. L. WERNER.
State College, Pa.

How Long . . .

SIR: How much longer must we tolerate the abominable red cover?

LUNA CONVERSE.
Woodstock, Vermont.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The subject of a new cover is under discussion by the editorial board.*

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Family and Business

FULL MERIDIAN. By Naomi Jacob. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 336 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

NAOMI JACOB has always been concerned with the effect of circumstances and personal relationships on character. She has created several characters who remain with the reader in memory after the particular events of their stories are forgotten. The business man in "This Porcelain Clay" who pretended he was Jewish in order to profit by the general belief in the financial wizardry of that race is a case in point and Ann Harrington in "Full Meridian" may well be another.

An ill-assorted marriage provides the starting point for the novel. William Harrington, son of a traveller salesman of rough speech and loose ways, marries Ann Foster, seventeen years his junior and daughter of a manufacturer with some claim to the refinements of life. After bearing four children in four years and overlooking a series of infidelities covering the same period, Ann revolts and refuses to be more than the mistress of the home and mother to the children. That in the 1880's constituted a major revolution. From this beginning Ann moves on to other non-feminine activities. "Harrington's" is the large family department store and Ann uses her eager and alert mind to devise ways that the business may be helped. Her innovations succeed to such an extent that, after a little feminine chicanery which results in her husband devoting more and more of his time to out of town activities, she becomes manager of a store and finds her need for self expression more or less satisfied. It is here that Miss Jacob might have let her novel narrow into the familiar channel of straight business-women psychology but she avoids the pitfall very expertly. With the complexities of family life where there are daughters and sons to be married, with the times at a crossroads as far as conventions are concerned, with illness and other handicaps to be met and faced, and with a late love that promises full meridian, Ann develops into a complex and realistic woman who acknowledges that problems are an essential part of life and necessary to growth. We leave her looking forward to activity and struggle, strong enough to face facts.

"Full Meridian" does not move as clearly to its conclusions as might be wished. The thread of the narrative twists from time to time through incidents that impede the progress of the story and the all too lengthy conversations have a kind of familiar bright falseness, at least to American ears, that prevents the feeling of intimacy which they are designed to produce. But the novel creates again the period atmosphere that marked the early stories of Arnold Bennett and it is pleasant to be back with the family-and-business complications that flourished at the turn of the century.

Naomi Jacob creates a period atmosphere.

To a Captive Flamingo

By Witter Bynner

"MOTH-EATEN flame, under a sun
Of lemon rind, have we begun
To know each other as absurd
And fellow-captive man and bird?"

On linked legs, that ponderous beak
Without a voice yet seemed to speak,
Lamenting, "I have lost my glow
Because you will not let me go
Back to the sunset with my wings.
You hem me in with wire things,
As you yourself are hemmed, monsieur.
I once was not. You always were."

To which I said, "Your paltry fluff
Aflame with sun was not enough.
You were about to be extinct."
Each of us looked and one of us winked.

Rilke's 'Open World'

WARTIME LETTERS OF RAINER MARIA RILKE. Translated by M. D. Herter Norton. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1940. 279 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MARIANNE HAUSER

THOSE who read the "Letters to a Young Poet" will remember how much each of Rilke's letters is a rounded work of art. Rilke's personal correspondence formed part of his artistic creation and bridged the gaps of his frequent, unproductive periods. His wartime letters contain thoughts, visions, and images which he might have crystalized to poetry had there been no war.

The war held back the poet in him for many years. At this moment while German bombs and lies are threatening more fiercely than ever all that is great and all that is decent, Rilke's reaction toward the last war appears especially significant. It was a different war then, less confined ideologically and therefore more senseless. Unable to understand it, Rilke made it his philosophy not to understand. "Not to understand: yes, that was my entire occupation in these years, I can assure you it was not simple. For me the open world was the only possible one, I knew no other." The open world was France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland; and *faute de mieux* somehow, Germany. Above all it was France that expressed to him "the open world." His long years in Paris, Rodin's and Verhaeren's friendship, an intuitive delight in all that was French shaped his artistic growth.

The "Wartime Letters" which range from 1914 to 1921 reflect his work, his painful inhibitions to write, and his hope for a better world at peace. His rich, polished style, which carries his thoughts lucidly, is caught in M. D. Herter Norton's excellent translation. Rilke's faith in love and humanity does not leave him even in his darkest moments. It is an almost religious faith, born of his own, boundless capacity to love. He writes in 1917:

> I sometimes think that every day the war still lasts increases the obligation of humanity toward a great better-intentioned common future, for what could be more productive of obligation than the suffering augmented beyond all measure, which must after all join millions of people in all countries more closely together. Ah, then it will be possible to speak again, and every word of love or of art will find a new acoustic, a more open air and a wider space—, I grant you that *only* for the price of this prospect do I care to live on . . .

This prophecy by one of the greatest German poets has since been answered with German guns.

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A "Brave New World," 2040 A.D.

THE FIRST TO AWAKEN. By Granville Hicks with Richard M. Bennett. New York: Modern Age Books. 1940. 347 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

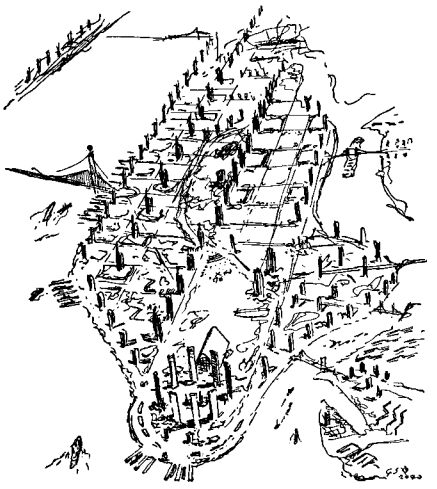
MR. GRANVILLE HICKS here offers us the Communist utopia in a revised, up-to-date rewrite of "Looking Backward," with modern plumbing and electric refrigeration. It is pretty terrible, whether as literature, life, or logic.

On the first score the book is plotless and obvious. Mr. George Swain, after one of the somnolescences now hackneyed in this type of literature, comes to in 2040 and describes what he sees and hears. The narrative element is a kind of travel diary, with interspersed and rather pointless incidents—a 2040 court of justice, a brief outline of the history of the world for the last century. (Hitler's invasion of Holland has already vitiated the latter.) There is not even the conflict one might reasonably expect to find between a twentieth century mind and a twenty-first century environment. All the thorns are hitched to rosebushes in full bloom, and the atmosphere is as filled with perfume as that of a poem by Eddie Guest.

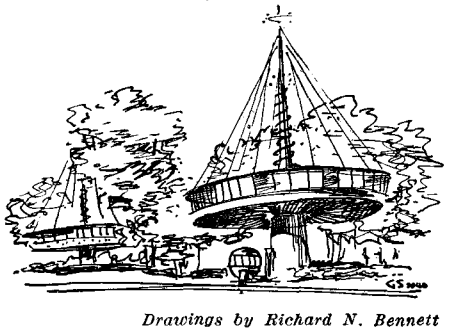
The other points furnish the more interesting internal criticisms. Mr. Hicks is required to make some rather startling assumptions to explain his classless society. It is easy enough to grant him the enormous development of technics—though a condition of this type of writing would seem to be that the author make enough investigation to find out that his rocket airplanes certainly would not work, and would kill all their passengers by acceleration if they did. It is over the department of human relations, however, that he really gets into trouble.

The people of 2040 have no politics or interest in politics, the President of the United States, for example, being a purely honorary figurehead. Mr. Hicks, apparently conscious that such behavior is a bit peculiar, has to assume a society where the people are like their buildings—conditioned for use from the ground up, and kept in good order by frequent recourse to the psychiatric repair-men. This in turn involves him in one difficulty that he does not see—that it makes psychiatrists the real rulers of his state—and two that he does. It is necessary for him to predicate a Technological Age between the revolution and the establishment of the utopia, during which the neo-Communist generations are raised and conditioned by kind-hearted engineers; and when he reaches his goal, it turns out, as he confesses, "a little like" Aldous Huxley's brave new world.

Mr. Hicks says the engineers will decide there is nothing more for them to do and willingly lay down their tools, and that "Brave New World" can be dismissed as evidence from an unfriendly witness. But in both cases he is offering argument rather than explanation, and in neither does he give support for the contention.



Manhattan Island in 2040 A.D.



Drawings by Richard N. Bennett

The architecture to come.

Bones of Biology

DOWN TO EARTH. By Alan Devoe. New York: Coward McCann. 1940. 228 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

MR. DEVOE subtitles his book "A Naturalist Looks About" and this expresses well the casual, close-to-home quality of his delightful collection of little nature essays. One has remarked these in the magazines the last few years for their quiet fidelity to Nature, their comprehension of what is really important, the author's ability to see what is at his feet and impending above his head. Mr. Devoe thinks like a modern, and like a genuine naturalist, with a modern naturalist's philosophy. There are the bones of biology under the flesh of Nature love in these sketches. The sense of mystery in Nature that he feels is not a sentimental mysticism, but an honest awe. He writes with urban ease and country freshness; he writes for John Everyman and brings his task off delightfully.

The range of subjects is versatile, from bird migration and nesting, to cats, rats, oysters, and the overcivilization of man. I think "The Rat" is probably the most vivid, real, and unforgettable. But best of all I like Mr. Devoe's small but intense white-hot flame of fury against people who kill every animal they see. "The Brave Men of Brielle" and "The Deer" exactly express my own rage at the ungrown souls and the overgrown cowards who have to pour murderous fire into all gentle creatures. If deer had guns and could shoot them, there is not one deer hunter in a million who would have the manly guts to get out in the woods and take equal chances with the thing he hunts. The citizens of Brielle, New Jersey, who clubbed and stabbed the sea cow to death when she was seeking a place to bear her baby, are, to put the most charitable interpretation on the story, in a state of enlightenment corresponding with that of jungle savages. Brielle is not, however, exceptionally benighted. Things are just as bad in California, Texas, Illinois, or any state you want to name.

Go on, Mr. Devoe. Speak up again and louder. We want everybody to hear you. You say the right things, and you put them well; write more, and let your voice out.

Drawing by Edward Shenton

Mr. Devoe has an intense, white-hot flame of fury against people who kill every animal they see.

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The Mind of a Liberal

WALDO FRANK

IT has always been against my custom to reply to reviews or articles on my work. But Mr. Max Lerner's "Face the War" (May 25 issue), which purports to be a full-length criticism of my recent volume, "Chart for Rough Water," offers so excellent a chance to examine a typical American intellectual's mind in the processes of its grasp of reality, that I am moved to break my rule.

The first point to notice is that Mr. Lerner is guilty of glaring and crucial mis-statements of fact. For instance, he has me saying (the words are his): "War is not in itself good or bad but may have its delights; far worse than war is the disgusting peace which is in the end only an anarchy of small wars . . . " This is a gross distortion of my psychological analysis of what happened in Europe (and may happen here) to men weakened in their unconscious resistance to war by the kind of peace they were suffering. My own detestation of war has never been relative. Here is another instance, more serious, of bad reporting: "There is a vast difference," says Mr. Lerner, "between recognizing the irrational and celebrating it," his precise implication being that I *do* celebrate it. This falsification comes from Mr. Lerner's evident inability to distinguish between the *pre-rational* which I prize and the irrational which I deplore and which becomes victorious where the pre-rational is neglected. Much of the theme of my book is built on the proposition that the pre-rational (by which I indicate man's initial contact with life and sense of living) must premise and fuse the processes of rationalism—as in Spinoza or Aquinas, for example, to render it organic and to preserve the vitalities and values and *reality* of men's rational behavior. Otherwise, I point out, the irrational bursts forth and conquers. This distinction, which should be obvious to any unspoiled mind, escapes Mr. Lerner, who puts me down as believing that "rationalism is anti-christ!" Yet in another paragraph, he accuses me of following Hegel—a rationalist, if ever there was one! My position of disagreement with both idealistic rationalism (from Plotinus to Hegel) and the empirical rationalism of the vulgar Marxists, my favoring of an organic view of life admitting the function of rationalisms premised on man's intuitive reception of life's fundamental source, do not register with Mr. Lerner.

So much for this liberal mind as a reporter of the kind of distinctions without which thinking becomes slogan-writing. As a logician, Mr. Lerner does little better. Because, for certain reasons which I carefully explain, I do not accept the season's hysterical adoration of "Grapes of Wrath," and because (for obviously different reasons) the Associated Farmers of California also do not accept the book, Mr. Lerner identifies me with the Associated Farmers! Because I have certain differences (carefully expounded) with Marxist socialism, and so does Spengler, Mr. Lerner suggests that I—like Spengler—have fashioned a philosophy acceptable to Hitler! More gross examples of the fallacy of the undistributed middle, it would be difficult to find. "What I argue," Mr. Lerner says in another moment of revelation, "is that beliefs in a humanist society must be organic parts and end-results of social reconstruction; *they cannot precede it*" (italics mine). The truth is, of course, that they are "parts," "results," *and also precede it*: and to fail to see this is to misread the history of ideas and the organic nature of man. To state that ideas cannot "precede" the construction is as logical as it would be to hold that no bridge-builder can possibly have an idea where his bridge is to start, what river it shall span, where it shall end, what terrain it shall rest on, what materials it shall consist of, and what load it shall be capable of bearing, until the bridge is being built and until the *bridge has been built!* Note this item as a symptom of what calls itself scientific thinking.

Not only does Mr. Lerner evince weakness as reporter and as logician; he totally ignores the crux of my historical analysis of the individual: his emergence from the pre-historic unconscious group, his relation with the group during the European ages, and the potential and necessary birth of what I call *the person* whose dynamic consciousness and energy will make him the creative focus of group action. Here, the point is not whether I am right or wrong; not whether Mr. Lerner agrees or disagrees. The point is, that the book's thesis for valid social change is virtually *ignored* by the reviewer who himself, very generously, says of it: "Mr. Frank's book should be criticized on the level on which it is written—the evaluation of Western history and culture which alone can give meaning to immediate policies."

I CANNOT here expound an organic method for social and personal change: that was suggested in the briefest, simplest form in the book. Obviously, it sounds like "exhortation" to the mind which for some reason ignores the substance behind the words. It is not the mechanistic method—which Marx himself rejected — of eighteenth century vulgar materialism (which for Mr. Lerner has a monopoly of "substance"); therefore he concludes that it must be the moralistic method of romantic idealism. In truth, of course, it is neither. I believe that in history, as in our personal lives, the psychological in all its dimensions is fused with economic and other somatic forces: there is no strict precedence, no causality of any elements in an organic action. As to the accusation that I overestimate the role of thought and imagination in human history, I have for years been at particular pains to point out that the action of artist and thinker upon society is not direct, but is an indirect *conditioning* function. Similarly, I state that in the invention of the Machine, which has transformed our world, there entered certain elements of individual will far older in Europe than the industrial age; that these still function, and must be understood before the machine itself can be understood and mastered.

On this point too: What happens to the modern mind nourished on the dogmas of empirical rationalism, Mr. Lerner has nothing to say. Yet to have ignored this in a discussion of my book is a good deal like a chemical analysis of water which leaves out oxygen.

**Authors who disagree with reviewers are invited to unlimber their heavy artillery on this battlefield, which shall constitute an occasional department called "Dissenting Opinions."*

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Empirical rationalism, I hold, is our vicious, implicit, almost universal religion; and its effect has been to bar its practicants as either private or political men, from vital contact with reality and hence, of course, from good thinking. Maybe I am wrong. But Mr. Lerner, like the rest of my critics, has not met the thesis, much less answered it. His claim, as against myself, to be the humanist rests on similar foundations. He and his widespread group are "humanists" who deny the vital sources of humanism, sources which are intuitive and religious. I claim humanism with a far stronger title. For I would carry on the great tradition of man's vision of himself and of his destiny, *into the present processes of living;* I would capture man's vitalities *for the rational purposes of the future.*

The reason why humanists like Mr. Lerner esteem or indeed know of justice, liberty, and knowledge is that they have inherited these values from their forefathers' religious version of man's nature and destiny. Now, the heirs deny, not only the obsolete theological form, but the timeless pre-rational source of the values they depend on; without understanding that this denial cuts them off from the basic energies which make their values live and without which they become abstract and ineffective. Mr. Lerner's method is to inherit the debts of human history and to refuse its immemorial treasures even while he dissipates them by rejecting and not renewing them. If the organic confrontation of our world with *all* Man's resources is not true humanism, then it is wrong to trust the mental processes of an organism in which—while the mind works—the heart beats, the eyes see, and the blood goes on flowing.

Now, I submit that this review of my book which virtually ignores the book is an interesting and symbolic phenomenon. There is nothing, by the way, obscure in the text itself to anyone who can meet the English language with an open mind. Scores of simple men and women, far less educated than Mr. Lerner, have, to my knowledge, read it, and gotten its points and its message. Could it be possible that what makes Mr. Lerner (of whose honesty and good will I am sure) fail to see what he reads is precisely his "education?"

I believe this to be the sad and significant truth. Mr. Lerner's is a typical mind of our day (he used to be an editor of *The Nation* and he is now a professor of political science at Williams College). And that mind's disarray before the reality of a little volume of under two hundred pages provides an example of the common mental processes of all our leaders before the infinitely more complex and difficult reality of our epoch.

The almost unbelievable incompetence and unpreparedness of France, Britain, the United States, during the past years, is a phenomenon which we must deeply understand if we would overcome its already lethal results. Hitler was allowed to grow great, which was folly; and no real steps were made to stop him, which was madness. Take the details of the military establishments. Every item of Hitler's war machine—the huge tanks, the dive-bombers (invented in America), the parachutists, etc., had been the common talk of journals for years. Only the Allied generals knew nothing about it. To what is due this holocaust of stupidity? This low ebb of the instinct of great peoples for sheer biological self-preservation? *It is a failure to see reality.* Nothing more, nothing less.

Our statesmen, business men, teachers, technicians, writers, have simply not seen what was before their eyes. This is the true explanation of the emergence of the Dark Body of Hitlerism, with all the disdained vitalities of man and all the conquered technics, to assault the human soul. Hitlerism alone has been efficient. Why? Because its demonic will of social disease is stronger, is closer to reality, than all of us moderns together, so long as our premises of thought continue to bar us from experiencing the depths of reality and from being nourished by them.

There is a lesson in this; and we Americans have the time to learn it! That is why Mr. Lerner's exhibition of a typical mind before a book whose articulation of reality is a little more complete than the shallows of the columnists and the dogmas of the schoolmen, is important. At his lowest function, the intellectual registers the awareness of his age: its common consciousness of reality. Only on the the basis of this consciousness can the intellectual's ideals become cogent by conditioning men and women to favor them and to incarnate them with their lives in social action. If the consciousness of the intellectuals is narrow and false, the energies of the people cannot vitalize the intellectuals' values, and will turn against them. While they go on building their pretty house-of-cards of social progress, fascism ferments and spreads. Therefore, do not underestimate the symbolic importance of an archetypical intellectual of our day so bound by the false and rigid measures of his mind that he cannot see the *reality* of my book. By the same token, there have been leaders in our world in every sphere who saw nothing of what was happening before their eyes. And the result was what even the intellectuals now see in Europe.

Photo: Mary Morris
Max Lerner

The European democracies have been overwhelmed by the disaster they could not foresee because they failed to know its causes in themselves. Shall we repeat the tragedy of France and Britain? The same causes of disaster are in us; the same refusal to acknowledge this; the same escape into the dangerous "comfort" of seeing the enemy only in fifth-columns or in other nations; the same seeking of panaceas in contriving social programs of reform to be built—as in post-War Europe—upon the morass of neglected human instincts. If Ford and General Motors begin today to produce a million planes a month, the same causes of disaster might still persist within us. There is a Revolution in the world; and its course is calamity because the intellectuals—the minds of the social organism—have not understood it. Here in America we still have a little time, perhaps, to direct this Revolution toward creative reconstruction, provided we nourish it with a revolution in our cultural attitudes.

Revolutions are made by the people. And this cultural revolution must be made primarily by readers. The critics who do not see the reality of American life, the reality of life itself, beyond their tight little politico-economic formulae, must be deposed; and only the mass of true-feeling readers can do this. These critics are as obsolete as the General Gamelins. Let us, however, get rid of them, in time, before the ultimate and deadly battle. Let us replace them with men of open vision. For it is as true today as it ever was, that light—only light—can dispel darkness.

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WHITE BOOK OF SPAIN

(*Continued from page 7*)

ing, "the war began." But this book did not appear last fall because Sr. Alvarez del Vayo, like scores of thousands of his compatriots in exile, was having to pay for having fought too well and too long the battle of the Western democracies. As late as March of this year the author of "Freedom's Battle" was having police and passport trouble that kept him from coming to this country to make certain slight additions to the book.

"Freedom's Battle," had it appeared last Fall, would not have rung the alarm bells any more than its author's great speeches in Geneva in 1936, 1937, and 1938—while there was still time—rang them. But now it reaches the stands in this terrible week when, with a last-ditch struggle raging, Italy and Franco's Spain stand ready to come in for the kill and thus complete, fill out, the large and intricate pattern on which Führer and Duce embarked so stealthily in July, 1936 when they set the Franco rebellion in motion. *Now* the *Duce's* friends here need no longer trouble to hide the fact that he has been a belligerent all along. *Now* the Spanish *Caudillo's* friends here are silent as he raises *his* voice in a bid for Empire. People know *now* that the war did not begin last September. They know *now* that, as Sr. Alvarez del Vayo says in his prologue dated October, 1939:

> the first great battle of the present war was fought out in Spain. It was preceded and followed by a series of aggressions—in Manchuria, the Rhineland, Abyssinia, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Albania. But it was in Spain that the battle against totalitarian barbarism was fought with the greatest intensity, in Spain that there was still a chance to stop the aggressor powers, and in Spain that these powers were, instead, helped to victory and given encouragement for further advances which have since become history.

All books in this age come too late, when they don't come too early which is as bad. But there is more in "Freedom's Battle" than a warning of perils that have already burst upon us.

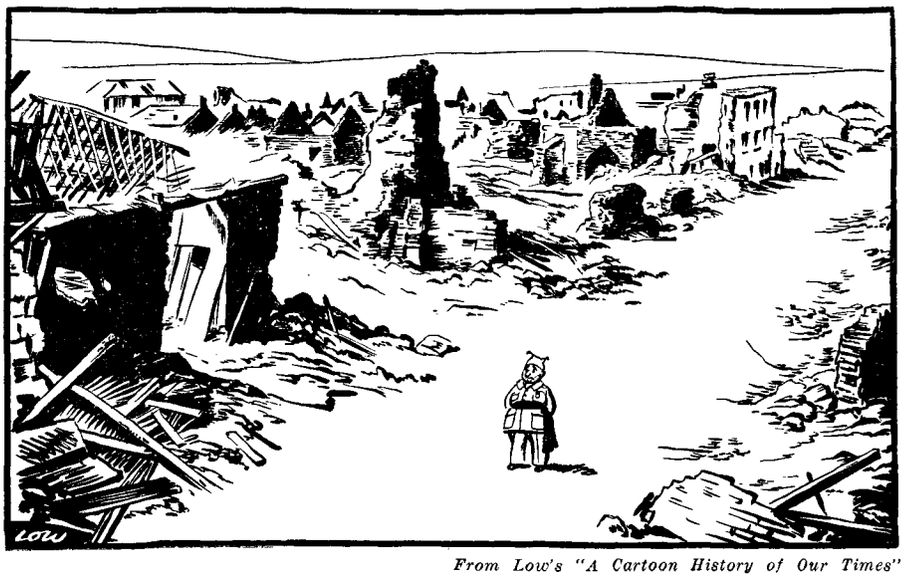
The book is a great historical document, a model for the historians of the years ahead (if there are to be any historians). And such documents are essential, for if ever the Western World is to fight its way back out of the blood and mud of the jungle into which blind self-interest led it, then there must be a reliable log of the course to date. Alvarez del Vayo writes truthfully. A fellow correspondent in the best tradition—in which morality and prescience both matter—is Edgar Mowrer. Of the author of this book, Mowrer said in 1938, "Like everybody else who knows him, I believe him. If Del Vayo says so, then it is so, or he believes it to be so, for he is the man whom everybody trusts." This sort of thing was always said of Alvarez del Vayo in the twenties when he was a first-line correspondent and in the early thirties when he was striving so manfully to serve his gentle, immaculate, but timorous Republic. But Mowrer said it of Alvarez del Vayo the Foreign Minister. Of what other Foreign Minister might it have been said in that Year of the Lie, 1938? The Spaniards who have never learned to lie are of the great tradition; Philip the Second once wrote to the Pope to express his horror and indignation that Elizabeth of England, a *Christian Monarch,* should employ the lie as an instrument of her policy!

Alvarez del Vayo writes as though he were unaware that many of the lies about Spain still linger on, long after their principals have ceased to need them—like poison gas in shell holes and trenches hours after an attack. He writes with utter candor. He tells the story of the Republic that was born out of its century. He tells how Franco and the generals rose and were stopped by an heroic people in arms. He tells how in July, 1936, Hitler and Mussolini came to Franco's aid and why, how the Spanish people were denied help by the Western democracies, and how Russian help came three months later. He tells the facts that were obvious until partisanships and the totalitarian lies obscured them.

He is generous, perhaps too generous, in his treatment of the flabby democrats who were used in the betrayal—the Blums, and the others. He is coldly scornful of the crooks—the Bonnets and the others. There is in his devastatingly factual treatment of these men something of the wry obliqueness of the Spanish proverb: "The man who sets his house on fire at least does something; he scares away the rats and warms himself."

Many readers may be startled to see throughout the book the deep concern of its author—and of his great chief Dr. Negrín—for the fate of the Western democratic heritage. But none will be startled who understood what the Spanish Republic was fighting for—namely, the defense of these values. Neither Alvarez del Vayo nor Negrín is, or was ever, blind to the true character of the British and French imperialisms, which betrayed not only Spain but Western democracy and their own interests. But during the war they saw the imperialism of the democracies as the lesser evil.

In this moment when "fifth column" is bandied about so loosely this book *could* prove very useful. It makes clear that Franco's rebellion was part of the grand strategy by cynical geniuses working to win the war before the real fighting began. What should be equally clear was that the Franco propaganda in England, France, and the United States was an essential part, perhaps the most important part in the first three years of the totalitarian advance. Recent revelations in England, particularly the arrest of Captain Ramsay, of Anglo-German fellowship fame and also founder of the United Christian Front, reveals the fact that the Franco propaganda was simply subsidiary to the main attack which, as the Nazi Professor Ewald Banse said, was to lull the enemy's fears, demoralize him, and bring him to impotence before the outbreak of hostilities.



From Low's "A Cartoon History of Our Times"

Franco's Victory

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Great Idea

A STAR FELL. By H. H. The Ranee of Sarawak. New York: Harrison-Hilton Books, Inc. 1940. 257 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by TALBOT MUNDY

FROM beginning to end H.H. the Ranee of Sarawak, the white wife of the white Rajah of a part of Borneo, pervades her story. It is her tragedy, on which she has looked, articulate but helpless. A white Ranee is rare. So also is a novel that deals fairly, without malice or favor, with the tragic consequences of the teachings and disguised motives of Christian missionaries in a land where sex and sin are not synonymous—a tropical land where passion, emotion, imagination are in even more gaudy contrast than the jungle orchids to the missionaries' pale righteousness. The Ranee is not anti-Christian. The book contains no propaganda. The story presents the missionary method, some of its motives —and some of its consequences.

The hero, an epileptic Tamil named Chandra, is orphaned when a small boy, his parents being run over by a drunken driver's car. The child is taken and raised by missionaries. The character of Rama Chandra is so well presented and developed that it suggests a portrait. Simply and objectively the author reveals the child's bewilderment and the effect upon an unhealthy imagination of the Bible story of the Immaculate Conception. In Rama Chandra's mind that idea of the Immaculate Conception becomes an obsession that persists until, in middle age, it ends in madness. Unable to reconcile what he has seen with what he has heard, Rama Chandra deserts the mission school and goes in search of a wife who shall be the mother of his immaculate child. He chooses a Chinese girl and makes a modest home for her in the mountains where he can enjoy the solitude and ponder his great idea aloof from the sinful world. A girl child is born, but the Chinese child-wife dies.

Naming the child Mary, Rama Chandra now persists in his obsession to its logical, inevitable tragic ending. When nature at last prevails and Mary becomes pregnant by a rascally young mission raised half-breed, Rama Chandra believes that the immaculate conception has taken place. He falls on his face on the ground. He adores. He worships. He gives thanks. He refuses to believe, he indignantly rejects the girl's confession of how she really became pregnant. The only mercy in the story is the madness that preserves Rama Chandra from disillusion. The rest is naked tragedy without a hint of a solution.

HARPER

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Road Atlases in Review

SUSAN CRANE

WITH the arrival this Spring of the new Rand McNally "Auto Road Atlas," * we had occasion to reflect on the development of road atlases since the early days of the automobile. In this sophisticated and streamlined age we take for granted our clearly-marked highways and our keyed and accurately-labelled road maps. We have come a long way from the first "Rand McNally Photo-Auto Guide," which was a pioneer in acquainting the then-existent roads to the motorist. The directions consisted of unique photographs, two of which are reproduced on this page. Incidentally, these pictures, along with many others, were taken by Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McNally II in 1908 on their honeymoon trip from Chicago to Milwaukee. That's combining business with pleasure, for just a few months later the "Photo-Auto Guide, Chicago to Milwaukee" was published.

Since few of the roads were marked, the photographs in the photo-auto guide were used as a means of representing turns or forks in the road. In addition, the guide included several pages of crudely-sketched line maps which attempted to indicate the general direction of travel. Under each photograph was given the direction of the turn and the mileage to the point shown in the next photograph. For instance: "Turn left at end of road—cross bridge; turn right and continue east. Brimfield three-tenths of a mile, next photo six and one-tenth miles." Each picture contained an arrow of direction.

Nothing, nothing at all was left to the imagination or even to the common sense of the driver. If the auto guide took you to Chicago it was sure to take you back by another series of photos showing you practically the same places, with turns reversed, etc. In a New York to Chicago trip, the first picture shows the Hotel Wolcott at 31st Street and Broadway. Presumably, you bring your car to that stop and follow the photos through, finally arriving in front of the Stratford Hotel in Chicago. The very next picture is of the same hotel and there ensues another series of plates taking you back to New York—to the front door of the Hotel Wolcott.

Some choice bits of Americana appear in these atlases, almost too precious to remain unmentioned. From this same New York to Chicago guide, published in 1907, we find the following instructions:

> The best way to use the Photo-Auto maps is to follow the route by the topographical map and refer to the photographs only to make sure that you are turning at the right place. Use your meter at all times to get the distance between turns. The distance given between turns will vary with different machines, as a slight difference in the size of the tires, different condition of the roads and many other things tend to vary the register. Three meters were used and an average taken to get the distances given. The numbers in the squares and circles give the number of the photographs at the turns and the figures outside of them give the distance to the next photograph. The compass on each plate should be used to get correct direction. This map is not drawn to scale, but is made to show the turns to best advantage. Where turns occur close together the map is enlarged and where there is a long straight run it is condensed, so do not judge the distance by the appearance of the map. Go entirely by the meter readings. Distances between closest points are only given to insure the smallest variation. The distances given are the average obtained from three different makes of speedometers and rechecked by the Warner Auto-Meter.

Another set of instructions under the title "Courtesy Rules of the Roads" makes a plea for sharing your gas with a fellow traveler who may be in distress: "You may find yourself in the same predicament some day."

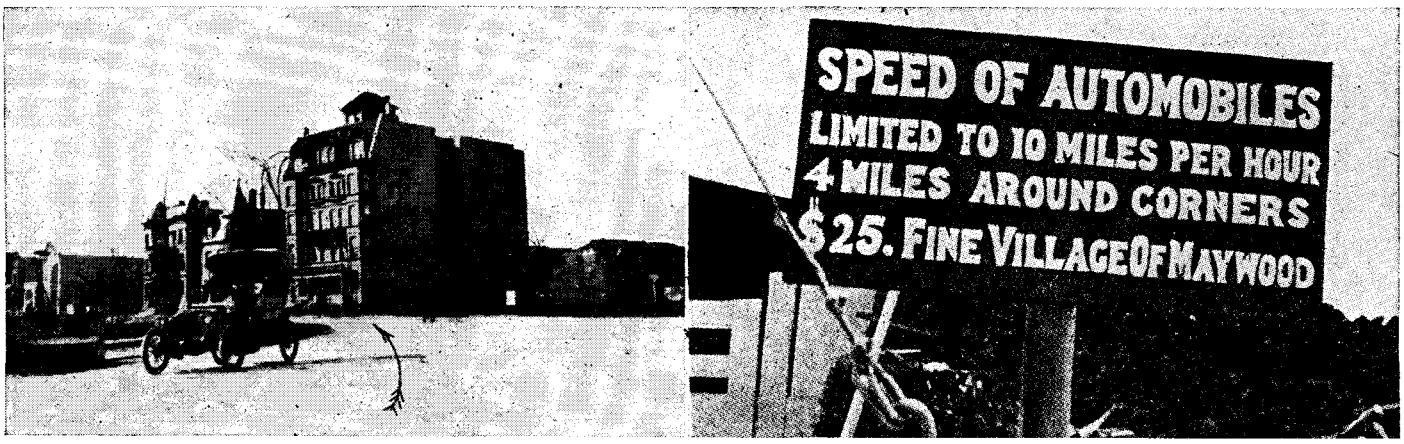
About fifteen to twenty-five different guides were published and the average price of each was $2.50. None was published for routes west of Chicago. The Guide for New York to Chicago and back was $5. Compare this with the price of the present much more accurate atlas for the United States, Canada, and Mexico at 75 cents.

The beginnings of auto road maps as we know them today did not materialize until 1917, when Rand McNally finished the Auto Trail map of Illinois, which was drawn with the aid of state county charts. It was the first state map to show marked roads. Gradually, more and more states were surveyed and maps drawn. A map of each state featured marked auto routes with explanation of the markers.

The task of preparing road maps for the entire country was more than a mere job of cartography; the majority of roads throughout the nation were unmarked. The road-map makers soon found themselves in the role of pioneer trail blazers, fostering the marking of the nation's routes. Up and coming highway associations and local auto clubs joined this company in establishing routes and marking routes in their vicinities, sharing the labor and expense. Rand McNally trucks went from telephone pole to telephone pole tacking up brightly-colored signs or painting markers. If roads in a particular vicinity were poorly marked, pressure would be brought to bear to have good markings made so that these roads could be printed on their maps. More than one million trail signs for over fifty thousand miles of highway were furnished by the map company.

New York State was the first to adopt a uniform system of marking for

Auto Road Atlas—75 cents.



Photographs such as these comprised the early road atlases. These were the days of the ten-miles-per-hour speed limit, driver's goggles and driving coats.

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its roads. In 1919, the State Highway Department introduced colored bands on telephone poles to guide tourists—blue bands for north and south traffic, red for east and west, and yellow for diagonal routes. Rand McNally contracted to furnish fifty thousand heavy signs with the seal of New York State printed in the center.

In 1922 New Jersey and Minnesota marked their roads by number. That year, too, was an eventful one because good numbering on a national scale as we know it today was being considered and planned by the United States Bureau of Public Roads.

Today the pioneer "trail blazers" have passed into the dim romantic past and in their stead has emerged a well-organized, carefully-numbered system of highways.

This year also marks an event in the history of published road atlases. For besides the auto road atlas which is corrected every year and brought out in a new edition, this year witnesses the publication of the "Master Highway Guide*," a combination of the maps and a guide to places to eat and sleep in the United States. There are new and completely up-to-date maps of each state in the union plus those of Canada and Mexico. Places of interest and historical importance are listed for each state. Under the "good-food, good-lodging" section is a detailed listing of outstanding hotels and restaurants, giving rates and important information about each. This portion of the guide is edited by James M. and Hazel K. Crum.

This work is a great step forward in the fulfillment of a still greater need—that of a comprehensive, exhaustive, and compact guide to the United States. The only one of its kind in existence today is a Baedeker dated 1913. With travel within America developing at the rate it is today this apparently is the new trail to blaze.

**Master Highway Guide—$1.50.*

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Meg, in *Tam O'Shanter,* by Robert Burns.
2. Lightfoot, in *Peter Rugg, the Missing Man,* by William Austin.
3. Winnie, in *Lorna Doone,* by Richard Blackmore.
4. *Black Beauty,* by Anna Sewall.
5. Rosinante, in *Don Quixote,* by Cervantes.
6. Silver Blaze, in *Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes,* by Conan Doyle.
7. Black Bess, in *Dick Turpin's Ride,* by Alfred Noyes.
8. Gunpowder, in *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow,* by Washington Irving.
9. Pegasus, in *Parnassus on Wheels,* by Morley.
10. Roland, in *How They Carried the Good News from Ghent to Aix,* by Robert Browning.

Crack-up of the International Set

MY HEY DAY. BY THE PRINCESS TULIP MURPHY. As told to Virginia Faulkner. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1940. 152 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by
HELEN AND RUTH HOFFMAN

IN these days when soldiers fall from the skies on bicycles, and when it's news that Roumania stops the export of sunflower seeds, and when Mr. Hitler denies that he landed soldiers in uniforms of the invaded country because that wouldn't be cricket, it is no longer surprising to learn from the Princess Tulip Murphy that Hollywood serves snacks made of marshmallows stuffed with absinthe. And today, when it is a question of Mr. Dewey's sex appeal versus Mr. Roosevelt's what-have-you, it is refreshing that someone (Princess Tulip Murphy, my dear!) had a grandmother who was the first white woman to be called "Madam" west of Rock Island, Illinois. And this month when we read in a popular thirty-five cent fashion magazine that brown will be the "brand new" color for Fall, we are very relieved to see in Princess Tulip Murphy's divertingly funny book, "My Hey Day," that *she* wore ". . . wheel-shaped fringe rompers and a halter belonging to Seabiscuit, pointed up by a tartan turban of crêpe hair (worn off the face), mother-of-pearl gauntlets, and, of course, stilts. Then, selecting a suitable dog, I felt ready for *anything.*"

And we advise you when you read the Princess's memoirs, to be ready for anything, too, for "My Hey Day" is a hilarious burlesque on the cracking up of the traveling International Set. If there were more travel books like this one, there would be less traveling. You would spend your passage money buying more books and you would have no time between buying and reading them to sit at the Captain's table as the Princess did, on her way to Norway, wearing "a starkly tailored *peau de diable* négligé with oil skin chemise . . ."

Now, the Princess has spoiled everything for us. Somehow or other, since we have read her book, we feel that in our travels we have missed a lot. And though we cannot complain about the people we have met, we secretly wish that we had also come across some of the Princess's surprising friends whom she describes in her book—such as Lulu Alabaster, Queen Carmen-Veranda, Raoul des Poux (who had lived on cocaine and fudge since he was ten), and Xerxes IX (who was incognito in Norway for the Yo-Yo). Where *were* these wacky members of the International Set while we were circulating?

The Princess Tulip Murphy charges gaily through twelve geographically varied chapters in her book. She and her companions saw Mexico "the hard way," and tasted Soviet Russia's caviare "with or without a general." They were forbidden Tibet and they steeped themselves in ouzo in Athens. Finally, they claimed to have discovered the site of the Garden of Eden—which tickles us immensely, since we have a claim in that direction ourselves.

In all these dizzy chapters, chock full of laughs (loud ones), Society's nervous breakdown is certainly not confined to the spaces between the lines. Princess Tulip tells ALL.

FOR ENTERTAINMENT ONLY!

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RANDOM HOUSE BOOKS

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(*Continued from page* 4)

of the complication of a detective story—is a young Surrealist poet to whom Quinette is a rather unwilling spiritual guide. Romains is repeating the device used in the two instalments translated as "The Depths and the Heights," for the eighteenth volume, "La Douceur de la Vie," contrasts violently with the seventeenth and shows that the author is striving to please everyone in his work—much as that other virtuoso, Victor Hugo, did. Jallez's diary, kept during a winter spent in Nice, records his charming idyll with a "daughter of the people," his passing flirtation with a certain Mme. Valavert, his reflections on war and peace and the joy of being alive, and his meeting with Quinette and later with Mionnet. (By the way, are Romains's myriad characters going to get to know each other now?) In these two volumes Romains fairly faithfully reflects what we have until recently called post-war youth and the two popular post-war attitudes, but with too neat an opposition. If he maintains his intentions of a year ago, he still has nine or ten volumes in his inkwell, but from present indications he seems no nearer the end than he was when his cycle began that October day in 1908.

Martin du Gard, on the other hand, has finally terminated "The Thibaults" with a book of 350 pages simply entitled "Epilogue" (Gallimard). The preceding section took place in the summer of 1914 and ended with Jacques's appropriately futile death. The "Epilogue" completely winds up the story in what is artistically the most satisfactory manner. Antoine's return from the front, fatally gassed, permits the author to take up the tangled threads of the various Thibault and Fontanin lives and to show the transformations the years have brought. All the characters have changed greatly since those calm pre-war days when we first met them, yet no one has failed to develop in harmony with his inner nature. Rarely has the impression of life, in all its flux, been so effectively created in a novel. At the end of the whole work, placed just after the Armistice, a new life has begun which combines the Thibault and Fontanin blood: Jacques's illegitimate and posthumous child whose mother is Jenny. When the last half of the whole work appears in English next fall, American readers will have the rare experience of reading an authentic masterpiece.

This new world war must have seriously upset the long-range plans of the French novelists engaged in writing cyclic novels. "The Pasquier Chronicles" have just reached the outbreak of the last war; Dr. Laurent Pasquier is setting out for the 1914 front with the conviction that he will fight to end all wars, and if he opens a newspaper in the train he will discover that he is headed for the Maginot Line. The "Men of Good Will" have weathered Verdun without loss of life or limb and are just beginning to enjoy the post-war years which turned out to be but a momentary armistice. Romains and Duhamel have let events get ahead of them—as who has not. Roger Martin du Gard has found the best solution to the problem, but the closing of his cycle was not forced upon him; for years he has been planning to end "The Thibaults" in much this way. The war of 1914-1918 has killed, maimed, or otherwise profoundly marked all his protagonists; having lived, they can now enter history as their flesh-and-blood brothers have done. Antoine's slow death from his wounds is subtly symbolic of a whole generation. Let us hope that the symbol will not soon be applicable to another generation.

Justin O'Brien is Professor of French in the Department of Romance Languages at Columbia University.

IRVING STONE
writes his first novel since
"LUST FOR LIFE"
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"Worthy of an accolade from the past, and ranks with the best of its contemporaries. It is fine story telling." —FRED T. MARSH, New York Herald Tribune
720 magnificent pages. $2.75 at all booksellers.
F. van Wyck Mason's
STARS on the SEA
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

Coleridge's Geraldine

THE ROAD TO TRYERMAINE: a Study of the History, Background, and Purposes of Coleridge's "Christabel." By Arthur H. Nethercot. The University of Chicago Press. 230 pp., with index. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE McLEAN HARPER

WHEN a "researcher" in literature gets hold of a work of sheer genius, pure imagination, and undefined purpose, there is danger ahead, danger of pedantry, danger of dullness, danger even of spoiling the effect of the work itself. Coleridge's major poems fall into two main groups, his personal, realistic Conversation Poems on the one hand, and a smaller but far more widely known group of three, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," "Kubla Khan," and the unfinished "Christabel." In this latter group he gave full play to invention; they are indeed play, a moral being tacked on to "The Ancient Mariner" at the dictate of conscience or more probably at the instance of friends, "Kubla Khan" having none whatever, and if "Christabel" has a moral or any other serious implication, it is hard to seek.

Mr. Nethercot has spared no pains

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to find one. Whether he has succeeded in this particular is doubtful. However, his back deals chiefly with another aspect of the poem, namely the sources of the ideas and allusions discoverable in it. A more difficult subject of research could hardly be found, or one more full of pitfalls for an ill-equipped or superficial student. Fortunately Mr. Nethercot has pursued his task with enormous industry. He has read the extant letters of Coleridge and his friends and also the very numerous reviews of the poem. He has examined a large number of books which Coleridge is known to have read, shrinking neither from the dogmatics of the neo-Platonists was the speculations of modern quacks. He is to be honored for his learning and ingenuity. If his pages are encumbered with a terrifying array of footnotes, one's annoyance is mitigated with respect for his painstaking honesty. They reveal that a surprising number of scholars have preceded him in trying to solve the mystery of "Christabel."

But behind this mystery lies a far more interesting and important one, the mystery of Coleridge himself. "The elements were so mix'd in him that Nature might stand up and say, This was a man" unlike any other. When was he in deep earnest, pursuing a prearranged plan? When was his mind merely at play, following Toney's impulse? The special problem set for himself by Mr. Nethercot is to determine the antecedents, intentions, and character of Geraldine. Was she a witch? Was she a spirit straight from hell? Was she a vampire? And what is a vampire? What had Coleridge read about vampires? Three-fourths of the volume are devoted chiefly to these questions. The answers are interesting, and the author gives them with occasional flashes of humor for which his readers must be grateful. Nevertheless, one may enjoy the poem without the help of so much erudition. Perhaps, indeed, it is not help but hindrance. Perhaps Coleridge's broken dream was unpremeditated, insubstantial. Yet even the "shaping spirit of Imagination" must have material on which to work, and whether or not one cares to know what it was, Mr. Nethercot shows what it was.

George McLean Harper is Professor Emeritus of English at Princeton University.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 324)

JAMES A. FROUDE

JULIUS CAESAR

From cant of all kinds Julius Caesar was totally free. He was a friend of the people but he indulged in no enthusiasm for liberty. He was too sincere to stoop to unreality. . . . He never pretended that Jupiter was on his side.

Librarian's Guide

THE PRACTICE OF BOOK SELECTION: Papers presented before the library institute at the University of Chicago, July 31 to August 13, 1939. Edited with an Introduction by Louis R. Wilson. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1940. 368 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HARRY M. LYDENBERG

PART of a series of studies on library science, this book offers to librarians a new and helpful approach to the problem of how best to choose books for that elusive creature, the general public.

It opens naturally with a discussion of the theories of book selection set forth by Dr. Carl B. Roden, librarian of the Chicago Public Library, and by a study of the application of those principles to the surrounding community, by Dr. Leon Carnovsky, of the University of Chicago Graduate Library School. Competent authorities follow with discussion of outstanding books in the social sciences, history, science; principles of rating today's fiction and nonfiction; a study of "propaganda;" how to judge whether a book is a good or poor specimen of printing; insights to the point of view of publisher (both general and the specialist in children's books) and bookseller; the story of the effort fostered by the American Association for Adult Education to bring forth books of significance written and printed for the man on the street.

For the library technician noteworthy help is provided by specialists in selection for technology, for high schools, and for liberal arts colleges, as well as by an appraisal of the results achieved by the teaching of the "science" of book selection in the library school.

Dean Wilson's admirable introduction summarizes other studies of the problem, and shows clearly how emphatically the general principles, the hopes, the ideals of the librarian have been affected by the economic whirlwind of the last decade; how the rental library, the radio, the moving picture are coloring the scene; how the adult education movement is rising as a stimulation for the use of books; and how librarians themselves have recently put their ideals and achievements to cold, objective, dispassionate survey and appraisal.

Harry Miller Lydenberg is director of the New York Public Library.

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THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

RING HORSE. By Thomas W. Duncan. Doubleday, Doran. 1940. 239 *pp.* $2.

The charm of the circus life does not stop even when the circus folds up apparently, for in his novel of a circus clown and his horse Mr. Duncan gives to the story that specially compounded atmosphere that spells circus, the world around. And yet before the tale opens Colter's Circus has, for lack-of-business reasons, ceased to exist, and Dan Gilpin and his lovely white "Silver Fire" are among the unemployed. Dan is one of the best clowns of the ring and his horse is the marvel of beauty and grace that all circus horses should be. Unemployment strikes them in a small town in Iowa and the means by which Dan is able to keep the partnership, horse and man, alive make up the story of "Ring Horse."

In the Iowa town there is a young lawyer who always wanted to be an astronomer and he is the first to give Dan a helping hand. Later little Betty Canfield, daughter of town's big man, takes up Danny's cause in a determined manner and against her father express command. Gradually the town begins to take sides in the matter and there is no lack of scheming on the part of both factions and even a little villainy in the anti-Dan camp. The plot serves to throw into high relief the diversity of character-camp. A wilful little girl, an irate father, an absent mindedly helpful young man, and an old circus clown still full of the fire and wit of his profession make up a group bound to come to some entertaining end. The book is slight and runs along well trodden ways for the most part but in these days of stress it is pleasant to turn again to 1915 and deal with purely personal problems. G. G.

BROTHER, HERE'S A MAN! By Kim Beattie. Macmillan. 1940. 309 *pp.* $2.50.

We met him during the peace conference at Paris: a gaunt giant with a go-to-hell attitude and a distinguished head—iron-gray hair, piercing blue eyes, jutting jaw. He was wearing the uniform of a British army colonel. On his broad chest were varicolored ribbons, and the insignia of his rank and unit were made of pure gold.

He was the fabulous Joe (Klondike) Boyle, Britain's Canadian-born problem colonel become the Uncrowned King of Rumania—"the most spectacular international adventurer of his time" and "last of the d'Artagnans."

In "Brother, Here's A Man!", Kim Beattie, a Canadian journalist, has highlighted the almost incredible story of Klondike Boyle's illustrious career, and done it so superbly that you live with this man with the charmed life who trampled over instead of went around trouble, and lived a dozen lives in sixty years.

Mr. Beattie tells of Joe Boyle quelling a mutiny in the Indian Ocean at eighteen and then becoming a figure in New York's sporting world; of his conquest of the "trail of '98" and acquisition of some $13,000,000; of his service as a British agent in Russia, trying desperately to bolster the collapsing Czarist regime; of his perilous adventures during those lunatic ten days of Bolshevik revolution that

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER ON THE FACE OF IT *Emma Lou Fetta* (Crime Club: $2.)	"Perfume dictator" (fem.) dies suspiciously on trans-Atlantic steamer. Dress-designer sleuthess doodles way to identity of double killer.	Attractive characters, colorful background of fashion circles, ample suspense, and plot that mixes dope-dealing and murder cleverly.	Ultra-stylish number
THREE NAMES FOR MURDER *Harriette Campbell* (Harpers: $2.)	Scotland Yard, in desperation at inroads of thievish "Left Shoulder," calls in Simon Brade who juggles his ivory cubes successfully.	Thefts of antiques and Ruritanian murder-intrigue mingled in deftly-written tale that carries Mr. Brade's unique methods to deductive extremes.	Able but arid
WHERE THERE'S A WILL *Rex Stout* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Nero Wolfe, *mirabile dictu*, moves mammoth bulk outen Manhattan apt. to solve slaying of millionaire and his mistress.	Brash and buoyant Archie Goodwin helps to enliven tangled yarn of family hates and fears that withholds brilliant solution until bitter end.	Good as ever
69 DIAMONDS *Jeremy Lord* (Crime Club: $2.)	Ex-Scotland Yarder on visit to Cal. takes businessman's holiday over slaying of Belgian and widow-with-a-past.	Logical detecting with two mad and merry movie writers providing much antic humor. Ending comes as complete surprise.	Good
VINTAGE MURDER *Ngaio Marsh* (Sheridan House: $2.)	Insp. Alleyn of Scotland Yard, travelling in New Zealand, cracks case involving fatally conked stage impresario.	Early Ngaio exhumed from uncopyrighted marshes. Not quite so polished as author's current work, but above average.	Interesting

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shook the world; of his rescue of Rumanian treasure from the Kremlin, his friendship with the late Queen Marie, and the deeds which made him the Uncrowned King of Rumania; and finally, his death in poverty after becoming "a great and mysterious figure" in Near East oil rivalries.

"Brother, Here's A Man"; is highly recommended reading for those who find seemingly incredible fact more enjoyable than fiction.

L. W.

Miscellaneous

UNCONQUERED ENEMY. By Boris Sokoloff, M.D. Greystone Press. 1940. 198 pp., with index. $1.75.

In all parts of the world where there are hospitals and laboratories men and women are seeking the cause of cancer. Dr. Sokoloff has been specially interested in it ever since as a student in St. Petersburg he became convinced that cancer is fundamentally a biological problem rather than a medical one. He carried on his investigations in Paris at the Pasteur Institute, in New York at the Rockefeller, and later he worked with Professor Leo Loeb of whom he has much that is interesting to tell us. His book is the story of a quest that has gone on for more than a hundred years. It tells of theories that have proved true, of more that have had to be discarded, of experiments that fired the workers with new hope, only to end in tragic disappointment. Yet this is a cheerful book, because in spite of repeated set-backs the advance has been a steady one, and in every chapter you feel that victory is right around the corner. Enough has already been learned were it generally known, to eradicate those persistent fears that so often mitigate against the detection and cure of the disease. Today authorities are agreed that cancer is not inherited, that it is not contagious, that if treatment is begun while the anarchistic cells are localized, it can definitely be cured, that "there are 30,000 persons in this country who have been cured, remained cured for ten years or longer." For good measure given us several little-known stories, such as the account of the Bonapartes, history's most famous "cancer family," of President Cleveland's complete cure in 1893, and interesting side-lights on some of the leading generals in the cancer war.

The average reader may find that Dr. Sokoloff's accounts of the experiments which are the bases for these conclusions are a little too technical for easy reading unless he knows something of biology. Yet it is hard to see how so involved a biological problem could be presented adequately in more simple terms. "Unconquered Enemy" is the best summary yet published of all that is known today about cancer and its possible elimination. Students, medical social workers, all of cancer's lay army should find it of great interest and value, and a large

Double-Crostics: No. 325

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

■	■	■	■	1-U	2-P	3-D	■	4-I	5-A	6-R	7-E	■	8-A	9-I	10-P	■
11-K	12-M	13-W	14-R	■	15-O	16-C	17-V	■	18-D	■	19-K	20-T	21-B	22-J	23-P	24-E
25-H	■	26-D	27-J	28-K	29-O	30-T	■	31-G	32-I	33-L	■	34-I	35-T	36-N	■	37-A
38-M	39-W	40-B	41-X	■	42-B	43-H	■	44-L	45-P	46-S	47-F	■	48-K	49-T	50-H	51-F
■	52-V	53-L	54-O	55-N	■	56-Q	57-I	58-H	■	59-K	60-R	61-H	62-S	■	63-K	64-X
65-B	66-I	67-Q	■	68-V	69-P	70-M	■	71-P	72-E	73-W	74-Q	■	75-F	76-I	77-O	■
78-A	79-K	80-U	81-L	82-X	■	83-S	84-H	85-G	■	86-E	87-H	88-L	■	89-M	90-O	91-X
92-V	93-I	■	94-E	95-G	96-C	■	97-Q	98-U	■	99-D	100-C	101-R	102-G	103-S	104-F	■
105-H	106-L	■	107-S	108-T	109-L	■	110-J	111-T	112-H	■	113-F	114-C	■	115-C	■	116-N
117-Q	118-E	119-U	■	120-J	121-O	122-B	■	123-G	124-E	125-I	■	126-M	127-C	128-U	129-J	130-R
■	131-A	132-W	133-F	134-C	135-J	■	136-O	137-X	138-W	139-N	140-T	■	141-P	142-R	143-W	144-S
145-Q	■	146-D	147-B	148-G	■	149-C	150-J	151-K	152-Q	153-I	154-A	155-X	156-U	157-W	158-B	■
159-U	160-M	161-G	162-E	163-P	164-R	■	165-K	166-I	167-F	168-R	169-G	170-M	171-E	■	172-U	173-H
174-P	175-O	■	176-G	177-F	178-C	■	179-A	180-W	181-S	182-R	■	■	■	■	■	■

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Essay.

B. Siegmund's sword.

C. Female slave.

D. English novelist-journalist (1831-94).

E. Demon causing nightmare.

F. Lord Chesterfield's family name.

G. Death (2 wds.)

H. Inflexible, rigorous.

I. Residence of Pope.

J. Much used (of a book).

K. Morbidly drowsy.

L. Indigenous.

M. Easily snapped.

N. Pastoral "pipe."

O. Outdo in trumping (cards).

P. Anything rejected as worthless.

Q. Chests, bins, coops, etc.

R. Short-lived.

S. Relation of accord, harmony.

T. Carried on with secrecy (comp.)

U. Actualities.

V. Jumble; dregs of society.

W. Upper partial (music).

X. Lower in position.

WORDS

5 37 78 154 8 179 131

42 65 122 147 40 21 158

16 96 115 100 127 114 149 134 178

26 18 146 3 99

24 7 124 72 94 118 86 162 171

104 75 113 51 177 133 167 47

169 31 176 123 148 161 102 95 85

105 61 43 84 87 50 173 25 58 112

34 66 166 4 153 125 32 57 9 93

135 129 150 110 120 27 22

11 79 48 19 28 165 63 151 59

109 106 33 88 44 53 81

89 38 12 70 160 126 170

116 36 55 139

175 54 77 29 90 121 15 136

174 2 23 45 71 163 141 69 10

97 117 56 152 74 145 67

130 168 142 101 164 14 6 60 182

144 83 62 103 181 46 107

108 20 140 76 35 111 30 49

98 80 1 172 128 156 119 159

17 92 52 68

180 13 143 132 73 39 157 138

155 137 41 82 91 64

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proportion of medical men could doubtless read it to advantage. Not the least important feature of the book is the appendix of foot-notes that contains with other information a useful bibliography.

M. S. U.

BALLAD MAKIN' IN THE MOUNTAINS OF KENTUCKY. By Jean Thomas. Holt. 1939. 270 *pp., with index.* $3.

Distinctive of Miss Thomas's book is its primary concern, not with traditional pieces of old world importation, but with individual native makers and their product. Though she includes some songs of an older day, or plainly of imported ancestry, she has sought chiefly to bring together pieces telling of contemporary happenings. She interests herself in the "last minstrels" themselves. She supplies the settings for her recordings, recounts the events prompting the songs, and the circumstances under which she encountered and interviewed the singers. She makes her connecting narratives vivid and readable, and these narratives constitute the bulk of the book.

The songs themselves can lay claim to little poetic quality. Mostly they follow staple patterns, especially the Irish "Come all ye" pattern. The author has grouped her findings and accompanying discussions under various headings. Of especial interest are the "Feuds," in which section may be found ballads of the Martin-Tolliver "troubles," the Hatfield-McCoy feud, and that of the Fitches and Austins. The ballad of Floyd Collins who lost his life in a sand cave is grouped rather unexpectedly under "Fire and Flood." The section headed "Killin's" bulks large and includes many murder narratives. Other sections that present characteristic compositions are "Laments and Farewells" and "Hymn Makin'." Later creations are songs concerning the TVA, the RFC, the WPA, the CIO, and G-men. In many instances the melodies are printed, and there are some fine photographs in the volume.

Miss Thomas likes, and likes to take to herself, the name "The Traipsin' Woman," given her in the mountains because she used to be a court stenographer for a circuit judge. She is the founder of the Singin' Gatherin' held annually at Ashland, Kentucky, and attended by many thousands of persons. How long the composition of such pieces as those she has woven into her narrative will continue, even in the Southern mountains, is a question. Similar pieces, such as the ballads of the Meeks murder in Missouri, have been found in many regions, but hardly so persistently and in such numbers as in Miss Thomas's region. Their existence is now threatened everywhere by the entry of newspapers and the radio and the phonograph and the government highway. It may be that the "Traipsin' Woman's" minstrels will be the last of their breed.

L. P.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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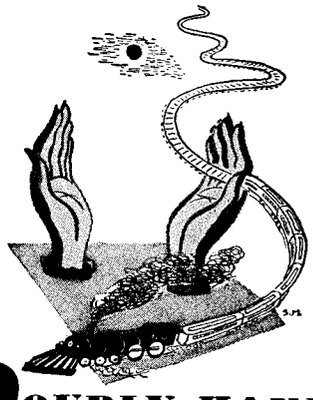

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THE WASHINGTON *POST*, we believe, was first to recall that *The Riddle of the Sands,* by Erskine Childers (a Sinn Fein leader who was executed by the British in 1922) was the earliest novel to forecast an invasion of England with Ireland used as a base. ☞We had a hankering to reread the book but we believe it was our own copy, borrowed from us years ago by the editor of the Washington *Post,* that prompted their excellent editorial. ☞We were interested to note a letter addressed to the press by K. F. suggesting that the Secret Weapon of the Nazis is really Benzedrine. This is the little understood drug which has caused such astonishing achievements by White Collar Girls in storming the prepared positions of American business.

★ ★

☞Several clients have reported to Old Q. their own methods of temporary relief from present disasters. W. C. G. says after a hard day in the office she found Angela Thirkell's *Before Lunch* good entertainment. ☞A young woman who had to go to hospital for an operation took with her two volumes of Austin Freeman's *Dr. Thorndyke* yarns. ☞A Connecticut reader fell back on the three volumes of Mary Russell Mitford's *Recollections of a Literary Life.* ☞Old Q. himself found the one-volume edition of H. A. L. Fisher's *History of Europe* (Houghton Mifflin, $5) extraordinarily valuable perspective, written with all Fisher's astringent wisdom and irony. The epilogue takes the tale as far as October, 1937, when Mr. Fisher was still moderately hopeful. How pleasant to read history written with some gainliness of style. His account of the abdication of Edward VIII from his "persevering celibacy" gave irreverent Q. a grin. ☞Another lethe-draining escapism is the Saturday evening *Gay Nineties Revue* on the Columbia Broadcasting System (WABC). To hear Beatrice Kay sing *Waiting at the Church* was a return to our youth—but don't hoke it *too* hard, Beatrice.

★ ★

☞Excellent irony was Don Gordon's backhander in *American News of Books:* "There are national political conventions due shortly. . . . Remember? See page 5 of your local paper." ☞We are eager to see the new Michael Innes *A Comedy of Terrors.* ☞The Logan Pearsall Smith prize at Haverford College, awarded for the most interesting personal library collected by a student, was divided this year between two seniors. Both had organized collections of over 700 volumes, one dealing with history and customs of the "Pennsylvania Dutch" communities, the other specializing in Elizabethan lyric poetry and music. ☞This seems to show that the book-collecting prizes now existing in many colleges are exerting valuable influence. ☞A leaflet from the Graduate School of the University of Iowa notes that one of the jobs to be done in second-year graduate study in English is "an aesthetic and philosophical criticism of *Hamlet, Paradise Lost,* and *Tom Jones.*" ☞To take on these three champions concurrently is no small scuffle. It reminds us somehow of a young woman's engaging remark about an ecclesiastical novice: "He had taken vows of poverty, chastity, and—well, I guess that covers everything."

★ ★

☞William Howard Church (Berkeley, Calif.), noting our interest in booksellers' catalogues sends us a copy of the excellent Gallimaufry II issued by Roy Vernon Sowers of 117 Montgomery St., San Francisco. The cover of this tempting catalogue is a jumble of typographic slugs and editioneering catchwords, chosen by Mr. Sowers to suggest the look of a bookseller's mind while preparing a catalogue." ☞Mr. Church writes pleasantly of his dealings chez Sowers, for instance:

> Mr. Sowers is precisely the sort of bookseller one is always picturing in one's mind, but never meeting. He exhibits a beautiful Japanese print, let us say one of Hasui's deep-blues, —and the conversation flows affably; but after a while you will realize, if you are at all intuitive at these times, that it is not you to whom he is talking. He is talking to himself, and you have overheard him. All of your answers have merely functioned as release-springs to his inner flux of thoughts.
>
> Here is a book on witch-craft, bound enchantingly in green vellum. He tells how it caught his fancy the last time he was abroad, and you watch his lean fingers flick over the leaves. What is he thinking of? He is thinking of something amusing, because a strange smile is transient on his fine lips. The smoke lags in his cigaret; suddenly his tall figure sways, and he looks at you queerly; his grey eyes are frankly puzzled; he had forgotten you were there. . . . When not selling books or reading them, Mr. Sowers is a rancher in the Santa Cruz mountains."

★ ★

☞New York University will hold this year its quinquennial election of candidates for the Hall of Fame; together with other zealots we put in a word for Thomas Paine, whose line "These are the times that try men's souls" is mighty apropos in 1940. ☞One of the best ways of sidestepping the heebies is to study who-all got into the new edition of *Who's Who.* ☞Book publishers in N. Y. who broke into *Who's Who*: Messrs. Brace, Cerf, Coward, Crofts, Hitchcock, Schuster, Simon, J. H. Smyth, Horace Stokes.

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